

## CHANGES AT THE THEATRES.

Willard in a Double Bill at the Star.

The Midnight Special," a New Melodrama, at Niblo's.

STAR THEATRE.

E. S. Willard, an excellent actor, who deserves a good deal more attention than he does, appeared in two plays at the Star Theatre last night. These were "My Wife's Postscript" and "A Fool's Paradise." The piece was acted a few years ago at Wallack's theatre, but has been rewritten since that by author Sydney Grundy. Mr. Willard in this piece played the rôle of Sir Peter Lund. A review of the performance will appear in tomorrow's EVENING WORLD.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

A new melodrama, entitled "The Midnight Special," was presented at Niblo's Garden last night, and served to introduce a great railroad scene, a distillery in operation, a packing cabin and other scenic joys. The story of the piece does not call for criticism, but the melodrama "went" with the audience. The cast included John Archer, Eugene sweetland, Clarence Bellair, Joe Coyne, Marie Edgar and Lillian Preston.

ROADWAY THEATRE.

A play, called "The Practical Father," by George Macdonald, was acted at the Broadway Theatre last night, and a good production. The play is Stanley Lodge, who has a son who is going on an exploring expedition to Africa, but who failed to go. He succumbs to the inclinations of a bumptious singer, and the play deals with the complications into which the girl gets herself. George C. Constance and Otto Mayre were in the cast.

HARLEM OPERA-HOUSE.

Miss Fanny Davenport, who has not been seen in New York for a long time, began a week's engagement at Harriet's Hall Opera-House. Her first performance was extremely interesting. The program also included Tony Pastor, Katie Lawrence, J. W. Kelly, the Indians, Bertie Waring, Michael and Godfield, the Hall brothers, Layman, the Lorettes and Tessie Langton.

COLUMBUS THEATRE.

The Webster Inn, in Columbus, "Aunt" Minnie's home, was the attraction at the Columbus Theatre in Harlem, last night. George W. Monroe was the star, and the company was virtually the same that had been at the Webster Inn. The program also included Nellie Rosebud, Little Miss Thomas, J. Ryan, Louis Fey and Henry Stanley. Some of the specialties introduced were particularly lively.

SCOTT'S THEATRE.

The comical melodrama known as "The Silver King" was well acted at the People's Theatre last night. Carl Hawley, a comic actor, who is a member of the stock company, had a part. The piece was a great hit. The rest of the performance included the Fine de Seille quadrille dancer, French Guestess, M. and Mme. Perez.

HAROLD'S.

Morte Vanoli sang as bewitchingly as ever. Lester &amp; Bill's concert hall had a night of musical comedy, with a part of Willard Devine, a rôle that is particularly attractive to the aspirant for stardom. Mr. Devine did his work very well indeed, and the piece gave satisfaction.

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ON THE ONE HAND THERE'S

5000 IN CASH; ON THE OTHER,

THERE'S A CURE FOR YOUR CATARRH.

One of these two things has got to come to you — that's promised, and agreed by the proprietors of Dr. Scott's Catarrh Remedy.

But you think you'd make any such promise if they weren't sure that you'd be cured? That has come to thousands through this remedy, when everything else has failed. By its mild, non-stimulating and curative properties, the worst chronic cases of Catarrh in the Head have been perfectly and permanently cured.

That's the reason they're willing to take such a risk. This is the secret of it. You can't cure yourself, no matter how bad your case, or how long standing, well, pay you \$500 in cash! If they have faith enough to say that, isn't it safe for you to have a little faith, too?

IT FOLLOWED NATURALLY.

(From Truth.)

Lester—That turkey is delicious. What shall we wash it down with?

Jester—Well, what follows most naturally after a game bird than a cocktail?

THE RECENT COURTESY.

(From Truth.)

A—it seems to me that your ears are getting bigger and bigger every day.

It let me tell you something. My ears and my brain would make a fine rate donkey.

FURTHER PRESENTS OF FURNITURE FOR THE HOLIDAYS SELECTED BY FELIX'S. His stock is largest and prices lowest.

MISS BAXTER'S BLINDNESS.

And the Remarkable Way in Which Her Sight Was Restored.

The dining car was in a shimmer of light. The dead white of heavy linen, the translucent glaze of glassware, and the quiet gleam of silver trembled together in the swift motion of the train. Miss Baxter, who had but recently left her berth, dropped into a seat and leaned back a moment, dazed by the lavish waste of color. Meanwhile the insistent sunlight took liberties with the dull brown of her severely brushed hair, ran burning fingers through it and edged it with conjugal gold. Then she hastened to draw the curtain and throw a blue square of shade over her corner of the table, sighing as she settled down again, and all the painful sense of the evening before came surging back.

She felt half a notion to lay her head on the table and cry outright. She glanced down instead and fingered her ring again—while her eyes grew misty. She wondered whether she should have kept the ring, now that it no longer meant anything. The question was yet unde-

cided when she pulled herself together with a visible tremor, and turned to the menu card. Dining-car breakfasts were not timed to wait the settlement of subtle ties in ethics, particularly after the steward had made his "last call."

In the few minutes Miss Baxter had been in the car she had not noticed her companion. As she raised her head she was startled to see a familiar face dimly taking shape across the table. She had removed her glasses and was about to pass her handkerchief to her eyes, but she put them resolutely on again and looked fixedly through their misty eyes.

"Mr. Woodson, where did you come from?" she demanded at length, as his well-known features gradually took definite shape before her.

Woodson did not speak at once. He was noticing how her hair would tumble down in wayward ringlets in spite of her efforts to keep it stably back, and how her cheeks persisted in dimpling, however reluctantly she shut her lips together.

Then he said:

"From New York, of course. Does my dress suit look as though I'd boarded the train in these rural precincts? I thought you knew the cut better."

"Do you mean to say that you've been on this train all this while—after—after last night?" Miss Paxton asked, with slightly heightened color.

"Guessed it!" the first time," Woodson exclaimed, brightening. "I tell you, Grace, you should have gone into the law instead of art. You'd have been great on cross-examination."

"Never mind, Mr. Woodson, you seem to forget that I prefer to make my own career—we've discussed that before, however. And so you've been on this train ever since I have?" she concluded, reflectively.

"A little longer, in fact. I made a mistake and got here half an hour early—

and the time-table backwards hence the delay.

Meanwhile the insistent sunlight

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